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Choice Poetry.

FROM ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

LOVE'S MISGIVING.

BY ARTHUR BOLLAND.

He met me by the well known walk that skirts the bonny moor,
He told the same sweet tale of love he oft had told before;
He chid me for my downcast looks, he wondered at my sighs,
But ah, he little knew the thoughts that would unbidden rise!

He plucked the blossoms from the branch, the wild and bonny rose,
And many a flower whose dripping cup the merry hive-bee knows;
And as he placed them on my breast to keep them for his sake,
My trembling hands almost refused the simple gift to take.

For anxious doubts had crossed my mind which would not be repressed,
And wavering fears were throbbing in my timid fluttering breast.
The fear of love requited not, of love misplaced, yet true,
First like a shadow crossed my mind, and still by nursing grew.

Ah! could it be that all the love he then professed for me
Was fickle as the changing moon, or lull upon the sea?
Was all the sweetness of his words, the smile upon his face,
As transient as the noon-day beam that leaves no lasting trace?

So then I thought, but time has shown how vain my childish fears;
His faithful love still brighter shines amid the lapse of years.
And he is welcome now, I feel, to that my plighted heart,
Nor time, nor any fitful change, our lot on earth shall part.

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE; OR, THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

WINNY'S REALITIES.

Ah whither now are fled—
Those dreams of greatness? Those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? Those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? Those busy, bustling days?
Those gay spent, festive nights? Those veering thoughts—
Lost between good and ill—that made thy life—
All now are vanished—virtue sole survives
Immortal, never-failing friend to man,
Thy guide to happiness on high. —*Thompson.*

I said the Smilies *seemed* to be their only friends—that the rest of the world *seemed* to have forgotten them. It was not so exactly. One afternoon, about the first of November, when the weather was already cool upon those bleak heights, Winny having mended her fire, and hung on the kettle for tea, sat knitting before it, and waiting for the return of Edgar, who was out on the rocks with his gun. Suddenly she heard a horse gallop up, and pause before the door; and in another instant the door flew open, and she was in the arms of Harriette Joy!

"Dear, dear Winny, how are you?"

"Dearest Harriette!"

"Oh, Winny, I am so glad to see you!"

"Dear Harriette, a hundred thousand thanks for coming!" were the exclamations of the two young ladies, as they embraced each other, fondly.

"Sit down, Harriette, and let me take your cap and whip."

"How is Edgar, Winny?"

"Well—but care-worn."

"And who is with you—any one besides Edgar?" asked Harry, taking off and handing her cap, gloves, etc., to her friend.

"No—no one but Edgar," replied Winny, laying them on a bed in the adjoining chamber.

"What!—you do not say that you have no servant—who waits upon you?"

"Edgar!—and *I* wait upon him, also," smiled Winny. But in a moment the smile vanished—and drawing a chair close by the side of Harriette, she said—"Now, Harry, tell me about my dear grandmother—I never hear from her—how is she?"

"Dear Winny, her life and health seem to be stationary—there has been no change for the better or the worse for two months."

"But her state! her state!—what is it?"

Harriette then briefly described to Winny the condition of the old lady as the reader knows it to have been.

Winny covered her face with her hands, and wept aloud, and—

"*I* did it! *I* did it! In return for all her tenderness and care—all her self-sacrificing, disinterested love for me. *I* have reduced her to a state worse than death!"

"No, Winny, it was *not* your work; don't weep so bitterly; you have enough to trouble you besides that, poor girl!"

"Do not pity me! I do not merit it! I do not suffer at all! I never have complained! I never will complain! If I were to suffer very much, it would be right! Oh, I am worse than a matricide!" exclaimed Winny, between the agonizing sobs that convulsed her whole frame.

Her extreme remorse—her anguish, melted, while it alarmed Harriette. She caressed her—she tried to soothe her, but Winny repulsed her, passionately refusing to be comforted, passionately demanding to suffer and to expiate! Harriette sat looking at her, patiently waiting until the storm should abate; meantime, unnoticed by Winny, the tea-kettle boiled over, and Harriette got up and made the tea; then coolly resuming her seat by the side of Winny, she said,—

"Now, you have worn yourself out by weeping,—*now* will you listen to *reason*?—for there is no reason in your remorse, it is as inordinate as any other unsanctified passion. Now listen to me, Winny!—your dear grandmother herself never blames you; never names you, but with love, with prayer for your welfare, with blessing."

"Ah, yes! yes! but *does that make me less guilty*?—does not it make me *more so*? The Saviour on the cross prayed for and blessed His murderers—did *that* make *them* less guilty?"

"Yes! yes! it did—that love—that prayer—that blessing, had *redeeming power*, or it was worthless! But, Winny, dear, don't interrupt me again, I wish to tell you that it was *not* your elopement, but the shock and terror of your father's frantic violence and furious threats, and the dread of its effects upon you, and upon himself, acting upon her feeble frame, that so suddenly overthrew her. Winny, they call me a mad-cap, but I *have got* good sense! and I say to you, do not let your remorse make you faithless to your present duties—that would be worse than useless."

Winny sobbed herself quiet, and then said—

"My father!—how is he?"

"Dear child! grief don't kill whom anger keeps alive. The squire is well, only suffering from a Sina mania."

"Nerve told me something of that."

"Yes—it is just *so*—when love or fever seizes a fat old sinner, it is extremely apt to go extremely hard with him. I beg your pardon for speaking so, Winny, but the fact is, you know I rather liked your father myself, so that I am a little mad, and a good deal jealous, at being overlooked for the sake of an unprincipled and meretricious girl like Miss Hinton!"

"For Heaven's sake, Harriette! don't talk so of Sina!"

"There it is again! I tell you that those are my settled convictions of Miss Sina Hinton, and you will arrive at the same conclusion in the end. I tell these things to Mrs. Summerfield, but she turns a deaf ear to me—the truth is, because I have overflowing spirits, and exuberant life, and a jesting way of delivering my oracles, people despise them. I will try to grow serious, if it be only to be listened to."

"And Aunt Summerfield and Imogene—why, then, do they not send me a kind word, or line?—it would come to me grateful as rain to the parched desert," said Winny. "Is it that my gentle Aunt Summerfield and my Cousin Imogene, my sweet cousin, with her celestial serenity, cherish unkind feelings towards me?"

"No, Winny—they do not—but Mrs. Summerfield feels, perhaps too keenly, the situation of her mother—associates you too painfully with the subject. Then you know, with all her gentleness, Mrs. Summerfield has very rigid ideas of filial duty. I believe that she feels for you a great deal, but that she considers you as undergoing a penalty for error—a penalty with which she has no right to interfere, and which she has no right to alleviate! As for Imogene—I do not know what to make of that lady! She is *so* grave. I was over there yesterday, and as she swept through the room, she paused, and looking at me with her slowly lighting eyes—you know that peculiar expression—as if her soul were returning from a long journey, she said—

"'Do you ever see or hear of my cousin, Mrs. Ardenne?'

"'No,' replied I.

"'You have never visited her since her marriage?'

"'Never.'

"'Yet you were friends.'

"'Thick as pickpockets—only Winny never took me into her confidence in the affair of her marriage.'

"'Why have you not been to see her, then?'

"'First, because she never invited me, of course—second, because Pine Cliffs is fifteen miles from Sacred Heart, over the worst road on earth, and I have no way of getting there—for Uncle Burleigh has sold my palfrey, and put the money in the poor-purse—he ought to have put it in our own, for I don't know a poorer purse than ours.'

"'Then I presume if you could reach her, you would like to see Mrs. Ardenne?'

"'Shouldn't I like to see Winny?'

"'In that case, I will give orders that a palfrey be taken over to Sacred Heart, to remain there for your use, as long as shall be agreeable—good morning,' and with a quiet, imperial, half-abstracted air, she passed from the room; so that you see, Winny, I owe the pleasure of this visit to Miss Summerfield, at last."

"How I should love my cousin, if she would only let me!"

"There is something so strange about Miss Summerfield—a beautiful solemnity of brow, as of one who walking in the light of a high reverence inspires the same feeling in others. But Winny, dear, I bring you a message from Miss Mattie Smilie; she says she thinks that the air of the valley will now be a beneficial change for you, and she wants you to come and stay a week with her."

"That is so kind in her; they are the sweetest family, those dear Smilies; tell her that whether I come or not, I shall feel very grateful for her goodness. Here comes Edgar."

As Ardenne came in, and not seeing their visitor, kissed Winny, Harriette jumped up and exclaimed, "Me, too, Edgar! you are on my kissing list now!"

"And pray how long is the said list, Miss Harry, that one may know the extent of the compliment?"

"Don't speer questions, Mr. Edgar! Does the extent of the compliment depend upon the *length* of the list?"

"Don't speer questions, Miss Harry! No! but on the *shortness* of it."

"Then I beg you to feel highly flattered, for my kissing list boasts but one name—Winny Ardenne—that is all."

"Then it shall be a variation of that pretty name, Miss Harry," smiled Ardenne, as his lips lighted swiftly upon her half laughing, half pouting ones. "There, Harriette; now, when ever you place *another* name upon your list, erase mine, for *then* I will never kiss you again," said Edgar, very solemnly.

"Good gracious! what a severe punishment! I'm glad you told *me*, because kissing is my besetting amiability, I know! But just see, now, the jealous pride of man; now, who, pray, is likely to be put upon my list?"

"Not Colonel Dangerfield?"

The whole tide of blood in Harriette's sanguine body must have swept past her brow to have dyed it such a deep, purplish crimson as she answered, in a low, determined voice, with an indignant earnestness, emphatic as uncalled for,

"*Never!*—and now let me alone, for though I talk nonsense sometimes, I have the faculty of coming to my senses again very quickly. Winny, let me help you out with the table!"

Edgar and Winny seemed very well pleased with Harriette's flash of anger—they exchanged glances—Edgar smiled. The two young ladies then set the table, laid the cloth, and put up the simple supper—item, a saucer of Winny's preserved plums. The small party were unusually cheerful.

"You are going to stay all night with us, Harriette?" asked Ardenne, as they gathered around the fire after supper.

"Of course I am, unless that is intended as a hint for me to go home."

"On the contrary, it is only a necessary question, to be answered before I proceed to stable your horse in the wood-shed; also, the precursor to another question, namely, can you remain with us a fortnight?"

"No, sir."

"I hope to persuade you, notwithstanding. Winny, my dear, to-day I received a proposition from Mr. Hardinge, to go to Washington City and transact some business connected with a claim he has against the Government. He offers to pay my expenses, and remunerate me handsomely for a fortnight's services. So, dear Winny, shall I leave you for a fortnight—and can we persuade Miss Harriette to stay here and keep you company during my absence?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Harry, jumping up and clapping her hands, with all her short, jetty curls shaking; "oh! I am so glad! that just suits—like a knife and fork, or the two sides of a pair of shears! I am so glad."

"Then you'll stay, Harriette?"

"Not I! do you suppose we want to be torn up by the wild-cats, or carried off by runaway negroes? No, indeed! But Winny shall go home with me. I'll stay here to-morrow, to help her to get ready! The mild valley air will be good for her at this season, and we will keep her, two, three weeks or a month, or an indefinite length of time, with pleasure—and when you come back, Master Edgar, you shall find your 'white rose' blooming freshly." Harriette then with more sobriety, explained the invitation with which she had been charged, and after some debate, it was arranged that Harry should stay with them until the third day from that, when Winny should return with her to Sacred Heart, there to remain during the absence of Ardenne.

"Now, Edgar," said Winny, "won't you make a fire in Harriette's room—it is chilly."

This done—Ardenne read the evening chapter in the Bible, and soon after Winny conducted Harriette into the little adjoining bed-room, with its cot-bed covered with a plain white counterpane—with its little pine dressing-table covered with a white cloth, and adorned with a small glass—its little pine washstand, and white basin and pitcher—its two flag chairs—its one large window, shaded by a white curtain; and lastly, its fireplace, with little andirons, and a cheerful blaze.

"How very nice this little room is—so snug and home-like already. What a nice counterpane and curtains."

"This is your room whenever you come to see us, Harriette—it is plain, but I hope you like it."

"Oh! it is sweet."

"It is very cheaply furnished—the whole furniture did not cost fifteen dollars."

"Is that possible?"

"Yes—necessaries are cheap. The cot, Edgar made himself. Hettie made the cases of the mattress, bolster and pillows, and Edgar stuffed them—the straw cost nothing. The counterpane you like so well, is nothing but cheap, white cotton, and the fringe around it I netted. Edgar made the little pine-table and the washstand; and Hettie and I made the curtain and table cover; and the two flag-bottom chairs we bought from an old free negro, who makes them for a living. And Hettie and I made this little rag-carpet on the floor."

"It seems to me that this ought to be Hettie's room."

"Oh! you do not know how much that sweet girl has done for us, and been to us—a poor simple maiden, with nothing but her goodness of heart—and yet she has been of all the world our best friend and greatest benefactor. She has labored with us and for us, and taught me all I really know. I do love Hettie so dearly. Edgar loves her also—and we both say that if ever we grow prosperous, Hettie shall share our prosperity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SACRED HEART COTTAGE.

I' case step in
And visit roun' an' roun';
There's naught superfluous to gie pain
Or costly to be foun',
Yet a' is clean —*Allan Ramsay.*

Ardenne borrowed two horses to convey himself and his little wife to Sacred Heart, and on the morning of the third day they set out. It was the first ride Winny had had since her marriage, and she enjoyed it vastly. Her spirits rose, and for awhile all her troubles except the latent, ever gnawing *remorse* were forgotten. It was a bright, clear, cool morning—the sky was gloriously brilliant, and the sun blazing with insufferable light. The woods rich and gorgeous beyond comparison in their splendidly variegated autumn colors—the burning crimson of the oak, the bright green of the pines and cedars, the purple of the dog-wood and the golden yellow of the hickory. Winny was a silent worshipper of nature, and ever when her heart was the most influenced her lips were the mutest. They had a long, delightful journey before them. Ardenne had yielded to Hettie Smilie's solicitation and promised for Winny that they should stop at the ferry and remain until the afternoon. They reached that place about eleven o'clock, and were received with obstreperous demonstrations of joy by Mr. Smilie, who was, poor fellow, as usual, slightly elevated with wine. Hettie took Winny off immediately to a remote and quiet room, and there they dined together. In the afternoon the little party resumed their journey, and about four o'clock crossed the ridge, and began to descend the little bridle-path leading down the side of the mountain to the small and sheltered glen in which the cottage and church of Sacred Heart were situated. It was a very inviting, a very tempting little place, seen from the mountain path, so protected, so shut in by high mountains all around, so shady, still, and silent! Summer certainly lingered there unwilling to depart—the grass was still fresh, soft and green. Some of the trees still heavy with late fruit. Golden pippins, large, light green nonpareil, and scarlet apples enlivened the orchard grove, while bright yellow October peaches, and large, black English peaches, bore down the branches of the trees almost to the ground. Coming down the mountain path they dismounted, and leaving the horses, they entered the premises by a little gate at the back of the garden and walked on a grassy path between rows of marigolds, red and white cryanthemums, and other gaudy, late fall flowers. This led them through a long arbor covered with a grape vine, and emerging from it they saw Miss Mattie in the covered back porch, very busily engaged in tying up branches of fragrant herbs—horse-mint, sage, balm, tansey, marjoram, &c. She was too busy to notice them at first, but when they stepped upon the porch, she turned around with her pleasant face and her *own* smile, as I said before, *half beatitude, half bonhomie*, and welcomed Winny, then Harriette, and lastly, and with a scarcely perceptible shade of reserve, curtsied to Ardenne, as if a nearer approach to familiarity with one of the other sex were unholy as well as forbidden. Then she conducted them into the priest's parlor—a sacred place, shut up generally, but opened upon this and other rare occasions. Soon after this, Ardenne, who was obliged to meet the stage that would pass the ferry at six o'clock, took leave. Winny wept—it was weak, but she could not help it. A first separation even for a fortnight seems interminable and intolerable to a young couple who cannot, *as yet*, endure to be apart a day. So Winny sobbed heartily as she watched the progress of Ardenne's horse back up the mountain path—and convulsively after it had disappeared from her sight. Miss Mattie and Harriette tried to console her, but in vain.

"Indeed I know it is foolish," she said, "I am ashamed of it, but I cannot help it—just let it pass—let me have it *all out*, and then I shall be cheerful," and so it followed. And indeed I do not know who could have been miserable in that clean, cool, quiet, fragrant little home—with Mattie and her benign smile, her meek, serene manners, and her quiet, affectionate ministrations.

"Now, honey, I am going to get tea ready—which do you like best, tea or coffee, honey?"

"Both, Miss Mattie."

"But which would you rather have, honey?"

"Just which you please, Miss Mattie."

"*Tea*, Miss Mattie," said Harriette, to shorten the colloquy.

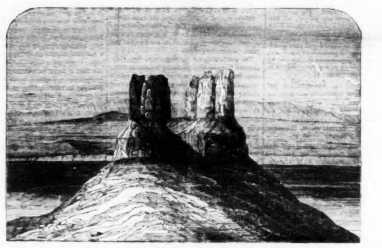
"Well, honey, tell me," she asked, as if deprecating the trouble she was giving to have her questions answered—"which now suits your appetite best, biscuits or egg-corn-bread, my dear?"

"Either, dear Miss Mattie—*please* do not put yourself to any trouble—you are so good and kind any way, but *please* don't trouble yourself. I have a good appetite and can eat anything, especially anything of your nice cooking."

"Dear child! my dear child! it's *no* trouble—*indeed* it ain't—it's just as easy to get one thing as another, honey, indeed it is, and you may just as well have what you would like as not—it ain't no worry to me at all, I always have to get supper, you know!"

"Dear, Miss Mattie, you *are so good* to me! What makes you so good to me—I don't deserve it!" said Winny, embracing the old lady—at which Miss Mattie's serenity *almost* gave way, and she *almost* melted.

American Scenes.



NATURAL COLUMNS.

The above is a view of a singular Hill of Columnar Basalt on the Columbia River, seen and drawn by Col. Fremont on his exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains, Oregon, &c.

"Who could help being good to you, my dear child; but, honey, you did not tell me about the egg-corn-bread?"

"Oh! yes, I like it very much, Miss Mattie!"

"Well, then, you shall have a nice egg-pone! Now come in to your little room, my dear child, and lie down till supper is ready."

And the affectionate old lady led Winny into a little adjoining bed-room, with white-washed walls and bare floor, and two little windows with blue paper blinds, and a little bed with a blue check counterpane. Between the two windows it had also a tall, prim little toilet-table without a cover, and a small glass, surrounded with tiny and cheap colored prints of the Virgin Mary, the saints, apostles, martyrs, etc. And, lastly, a small fire-place filled with cedar, and surmounted by a mantlepiece, upon which stood a little plaster cast image of the Virgin and Child. Bunches of fragrant herbs hung drying against the wall, filling the air with their aroma.

"Here now, honey, you can be quiet and rest till tea is ready. Let me help you off with your things. Here is a wrapper to slip on. There—now lie down. Here is a book to read if you cannot sleep. It is 'Paradise and the Peri.' Would you like a fire made here?"

"No, I thank you, Miss Mattie, not until night. It is warm enough."

"I think so, too, honey. Well! Harry will call you when supper is ready, honey," and so saying, the dear old lady left the room.

Miss Mattie's suppers had a temptation. Her humble table was so extremely neat. Her table cloth so "curd white," her old-fashioned blue china cups and saucers so glistening. Then her tea was so good, her cream so rich; her bread so light; her butter so sweet and fresh; and her preserves so excellent, and above all her *welcome* was so hearty; her smile so kindly. It was remarked that every one had an appetite at Mattie's table.

When Harry called Winny out to supper, she found Father Burleigh returned from his afternoon's ride and already in the parlor. He came forward and welcomed her with much kindness, and she sat down to the sociable little tea table presided over by Miss Mattie, with her meek though pleasant smile. Winny noticed that Father Burleigh had broken very much, had grown apparently ten years older since she last saw him. His manner was grave, abstracted, yet when observant of anything going on around him, very kind.

"Why have you not been to church, Winny?" he inquired, affectionately.

"Because, Father Burleigh, I have no conveyance, and the road is too long to walk."

"How—what! has not your father—hum—"

The old man stopped abruptly and fell into thought. Immediately after tea the old priest retired to his study, and Miss Mattie, Winny and Harry gathered around the fire. Here, for the hundredth time, Miss Mattie recounted the story of the ghost she had seen, to a new hearer. To her it was an unexplained mystery still; and Miss Mattie, who had never been credulous till that haunted night, was thenceforth, to the end of her life, a devout believer in the reappearance of disembodied spirits. She concluded her account by saying,

"And if you please to believe me, my dear child, when Father Burleigh came in out of the graveyard, when that night he went to watch for the ghost, he was pale as ashes, and trembling like he had an ague. I asked him if he seen anything, and he grew angry, and forbid me ever to speak to him about it, and so I never mentioned of it again; but I shall always think how Father Burleigh seen something."

Winny and Harriette smiled and exchanged glances, fully believing the good old lady to be a victim of her own imagination, both in the matter of the ghost, and in the suspicion of the holy father's alarm.

They soon after retired to bed, Harry and Winny occupying the same room. And now, for the first time, Harry had an opportunity of knowing how very ill Winny really was. No sooner had her head touched the pillow, than her cough became troublesome. As hours passed, it grew worse, and Harriette was kept awake all night by the distressing spasmodic coughing of her friend. Towards morning, Winny fell into the same deep, lethargic sleep, and her head, neck and bosom were bathed in the same profuse night-sweat.

"Winny is dying—her family must know that something must be done, or she will be dead in a few months! I will speak to Mrs. Summerfield! I will go to see Squire Darling, and he *shall* hear reason!" said Harry, as she arose in the morning, and carefully letting down the window-blinds and closing the doors to keep out all noise that might disturb her, she softly left the room and Winny to her morning's sleep.—The house was kept perfectly quiet, and the breakfast delayed, so that it was very late before Winny awoke, and then she washed and dressed herself in haste, and came out, making her simple apologies for oversleeping herself.—Father Burleigh called her to him, and taking her wasted hand, looked tenderly, even remorsefully in her wan face, attempted to speak, but dropped the hand and turned away—again recovering himself, he led her to the table.

Winny remained a fortnight at Sacred Heart. During this time, she went over to church. She had looked forward to this Sunday as to the day that would give her a sight of her father, or of some member of her Aunt Summerfield's family. Sunday came, and Winny was there, and watched each arrival with sickening anxiety, and without success. Not one member of the Oak Grove or the Red Stone Hall family appeared. At the end of the service, Winny returned to the cottage, cast down, and almost broken-spirited.

"They know that I am here, and avoid me," she said.

"Never mind, my dear child. Repent of your sins. Hope and trust in the Lord, and all will be well!" said the tender-hearted Miss Mattie.

On the Friday following, Ardenne arrived, and on the next day, Saturday, Winny scarcely at all improved in health, took an affectionate leave of the family at Sacred Heart, and departed with Ardenne for their mountain home. Miss Mattie had filled the saddle bags with the fine black English peaches and golden pippins, and promised, besides, to send a "cart load" of fruits and vegetables from their orchard and garden to Pine Cliffs.

CHAPTER XIX.

DONNA QUIXOTE.

Thou medley of contraries!
We trust thee, yet we doubt thee.
Our darkness and our light;
Night would be day without thee,
And day without thee, night. —*Judge Carlton.*

Harriette Joy kept her promise. As soon as Winny and Ardenne had departed the next day, she jumped on her horse and rode over to Red Stone Hall. She found Mrs. and Miss Summerfield in the oak-panneled parlor, seated near a cheerful fire, Mrs. Summerfield engaged in tambour-work, and Imogene reading aloud to her from Fenelon, in the original French. Imogene closed her book, and, without rising, bowed gravely to their visitor; while Mrs. Summerfield left her seat, and advanced to welcome her.—Harry laid off her hat, and gaily sat down between them, and while drawing off her gloves, and replying to Mrs. Summerfield's polite inquiries respecting her own and Father Burleigh's health, the merry maiden was more than ever struck by the deep melancholy, hardening, at times, into a severe gravity, that marked Miss Summerfield's countenance and demeanor. Her very dress seemed only the expression or development of her inner nature;—it was so grave and sad—a close-fitting black silk, with a slight edge of fine thread lace at the neck and wrists, its severe simplicity only relieved by the large, glossy, purplish-black ringlets that swept in three heavy divisions down her shoulders and each side of her bosom to her waist. Imogene had closed her book, and still holding her fingers between its leaves, she fixed her large still eyes earnestly on those of Harry, and inquired, slowly,—

"Have you seen Mrs. Ardenne since you were here, Harriette?"

"Yes, Miss Summerfield. I went and brought her home with me, and she remained at Sacred Heart two weeks. She left us this morning."

"She is well?"

"No, Miss Summerfield, very far from it; she is in a decline, if I am any judge of the matter!" said Harriette, and then recounted all she knew of Winny's illness, ending by saying that she believed Winny must die, if her heart was not relieved by a reconciliation with her family, her mind from the incessant pressure of anxiety, and her delicate frame from the labor and privations of her present lot. Imogene listened with a grave, set countenance, and made no comment.

"Have you no influence with Squire Darling, Mrs. Summerfield? Can you not persuade him to forgive and receive his daughter and son-in-law?"

"Impossible, Harriette! I should expose myself to insult in making the attempt. If Mrs. Ardenne will leave her husband and promise never to see him again, she may be received into her father's house, where she must necessarily lead a life of strict seclusion; those are the only terms of reconciliation."

Harriette's face flushed with indignation, and she remained silent for awhile; then—

"Have *you*, Miss Summerfield, no power with Squire Darling?"

Imogene lifted her heavy lashes, but before her slow reply was formed, Mrs. Summerfield answered,

"Miss Summerfield must not expose herself to her uncle's violence of temper, Harriette."

"Very well, then," thought Harry; "thank God I have no false refinement to be shocked, and no false pride to be humbled, though it may be false courage that prompts me now to

'Beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall,'

and *I* will wait on Squire Darling myself."

This was Harriette's secret resolution, but she did not express it. Something of a natural, though quiet *hauteur* in the manners both of the elder and the younger lady, ever chilled Harriette into reserve. Soon she took her departure, declining Mrs. Summerfield's invitation to stay to dinner, and turned her horse's head towards Oak Grove.

Is this the Hall? The nettle builders burrow
Where loathsome toad and beetle black are seen?
Are these the chambers? Fed by darkest showers
The slimy worm hath o'er them creeping been?
Is this the house? The owner's dreary cry
Unto that asking makes a sad reply. —*Neele.*

Nothing could be more dreary than the aspect of Oak Grove, as Harriette approached it. Every thing about the plantation bore testimony to the despairing neglect of its master. It was very evident that Squire Darling no longer rode at morn and eve all over his estate to see with his own eyes that every thing was done properly. It was proved that he no longer heeded his favorite proverb, that, "The master's eye doth more work than the servants' hands." Fences were broken; gates down; fields littered; cattle straying; negroes dozing in the blazing autumn sun; every thing bore marks of indifference and neglect. Harriette's spirits fell, oppressed by the scene.

"At least, though, this shows that he *loves* her still; *mourns* her *absence* still; has no spirit of enterprise without her! Come, courage! I can do something here!"

And Harry opened the gate that admitted her into the large, grove-like yard in the centre of which stood the old gray Hall. But what a dreary change was here! This fine, heavily-shaded lawn, which it used to be the easy task of a score of little negro children to keep perfectly clean and smooth, free alike from litter, weeds, or fallen leaves,—this lawn was now grown thickly up with thistles, drying in the autumn sun, tall Jamestown weeds, rank with ripe poison, and filling all the air with their baleful effluvia, and drifts of dried leaves that rattled and rustled noisily under her horse's hoofs. As yet, she had seen not a single soul beyond the lazy group of negroes she had left in the field, dozing in the hot sun. As she wended her way up the grass-grown walk, a large snake started up before her horse's hoofs, and glided swiftly away. A superstitious awe had been slowly gathering over Harriette's spirit, and now a shock of fear thrilled through her nerves. She looked up at the house. The front doors and windows were all closed. Cobwebs were stretched across those of Winny's deserted rooms; dried leaves had fallen and lodged in them, and the little insect called the mason, had built its house of clay in the corners of the sills. Deserted, desolate, and forlorn! Harriette had not spirits to go up the mildewed stone steps, and ring the rusty bell. She turned her horse's head and trotted off towards the Quarters to find Nerve—giving a fearful glance behind her, as though she dreaded having been seen from the house. The dreary and forsaken aspect of the place made Harry's nerves tremble as though she were doing some wrong, fearing some discovery, and incurring some punishment. Harry trotted down the hill to the hollow where were situated the Quarters, ten little white cabins each side of the street, with a larger cabin facing down the line at the upper end. This place looked scarcely less lonesome than the house. Here in the doors sat negro women, dawdling over their patching, or old men smoking, or old grannies with the woolly heads of young negroes between their knees, engaged with finger and thumb in a nameless work of destruction. Each nodded, or spoke respectfully to Miss Harry as she passed them, and rode up to Uncle Kill's house. Here she jumped off her horse, and, passing the little gate, went in. The front door was open, and gave a view of Nerve within, seated among baskets of apples, and pans and dishes, engaged in cutting up fruit for drying.

"Come in, Miss Harry, chile, come in! 'scuse me for not gettin' up, 'ca'se my lap's full o' peelin. Sit down, Miss Harry, honey, sit down! How's the ole gen'l'man, Father Bully? God bless him! Take off your hat, Miss Harry, chile, an' lay it down on table. *Has* you seen anything o' my poor baby? We-dem heerd how she was staying long o' you! Is she dere yet?"

"She has been staying with us a fortnight, but has now returned home—she is in very bad health, Nerve."

"Poor baby! poor, dear chile! I knowed it! an' I aint been to see her since that first time, cause you see, Miss Harry, when ole marster found out how I had been there, he like to a split the shingles off o' top o' the house, and sweared now he'd sell the fuss nigger as tuk the least notice o' her, far as ever horse an' wind could carry them! 'Fore my hebenly Marster, he did, honey! An' he said how he meant to *starve* or *freeze* the ondutiful gall to her senses, or to *death*, one or the tother!"

"I am going to speak to him about Winny, Nerve!"

"I 'vise you not to! You run your head right into a hornet's nest, if you so much as mention her name, let alone plead for her! You better let him alone!—he tuk leave o' all sense an' decency!—he'll 'sult you quick as wink!—'fore my hebenly 'Deemer, will he! You can't do nothin' 'tall wid him! He don't do nothin' but sit in that there house from mornin' *till* night, and *drink* an' *rave*, an' every singly thing about the place is going to *rack and ruin!* Poor ole man Kill do the best he can—he's obserseer, you know—but lor! he can't do nothin' 'tall with the niggers, cause you see, when they 'glects their duty, he t'reatens how he'll 'port them to ole marster, but you know, Miss Harry, if ole marster don't pay no 'tention to his 'ports—how they goin' to min' *his* t'reats?"

"I am sorry to hear he *drinks* so!"

"He don't do nothin' 'tall *else* from mornin' *till* night, chile!"

"Well! anyhow, Nerve; I came here for the purpose of seeing him, and I intend to see and to speak to him in Winny's behalf, too!"

"'Fore my hebenly Marster, he'll 'sult you! he will indeed, honey!"

"Which way shall I get in, Nerve? the front part of the house is all shut up."

"Stop, honey! I'll go 'long o' you," said the old woman, pushing the apple parings out of her lap into an old basket, and preparing to accompany Harry.

They left the house, Harry leaving her horse there, and walked towards the Hall. Nerve conducted her in through the back piazza, and stopped to ask her whether she would visit "ole madam" first, or go into the parlor. Harry decided to see the invalid, and the old woman led the way up stairs, and to the door of Mrs. Darling's room. Then the sound of voices made Nerve pause, and hold up her finger to Harry. It was Sina's voice, in a high key and insolent tone, apparently speaking to the old lady.

"And Nerve shall *not* come up these stairs with her impudent interference, and her awkward blunders, and her mischief-making. If you want anything done for you, *I'll* do it!"

A low and plaintive reply was made to this rude speech, the only word distinguishable being "Winny."

"You know it is against the orders of Squire Darling to send any message, or hold any communication with that young woman, and I am here to see his orders enforced."

"Come, Nerve! Come! my blood is boiling! my heart will burst! let me in! it is improper, anyhow, to listen—and to such insolence as that! let me in, Nerve, and stop that indignity, or I shall lose *my* reason, burst the door open, seize that impudent girl and shake the breath out of her body! Let me in, Nerve; for I do not want to forget myself!"

Nerve, with an "I-told-you-so" look, opened the door and followed her into the room. The old lady was sitting in her arm chair, the very picture of imbecile suffering. Harriette went to her and spoke very respectfully (purposely omitting to see Sina.)

"Oh! how do you do, my dear? Did you know that Winny was gone?" she inquired, with an appealing look of grief.

"Yes, I knew it—I saw Winny this morning!"

"Did you! did you! Oh, how is Winny?"

"She was over at our house—she sent her love to you," replied Harry, evading the question of her health.

"Over to your house? and did not come to see me!—does she know, does Winny know that I am *helpless*—that I have lost the use of my limbs?"

"Yes, Winny knows it, and grieves about it."

"Tell her *not* to grieve! tell her *not* to grieve—tell Winny I do very *well!* she *mustn't* grieve! she *mustn't* grieve! you mustn't *tell* her anything to *make* her grieve. I'm sorry now she *knows* I am helpless; but *why* don't Winny come to see me, then?"

"She *wants* to come, but they won't let her."

"*Who* won't? *who* won't? It's *my* house—*my* jointure house! and no one has a right to prevent her!—she *shall* come! *tell* her so! *tell* her to come! *I'll see!*" said the old lady, the spirit of her youth flashing fitfully up.

"Really, Miss Harriette Joy! I shall be forced to request you to leave the room, if you excite Mrs. Darling in this manner!" said Miss Hinton, coming forward.

Harry sprang sharply around, confronting the girl, and flashed upon her a look of such blighting scorn and indignation, that the audacity of the wily girl nearly wilted under it, and she continued more quietly—

"Mrs. Darling cannot bear the least excitement, and the name of Winny—"

"*Mrs. Ardenne*, I presume you mean," said Harry, haughtily.

"Mrs. Ardenne, then," continued Sina, with an imperceptible smile, "is a *forbidden* name in this house!"

Harry fixed her dark eyes, blazing with insufferable light, upon those of Sina Hinton, and extending her arm, pointed to the door, saying,

"Sina Hinton, leave the room! I overheard your conversation before I entered! leave the room! lest I expose your insolence to Mrs. Summerfield, who will compel you to leave the house!"

Sina Hinton recovered her momentary quailing, and smiling, touched the bell. Harry regarded her with as much surprise as indignation, and something even of admiration. She had changed very much within the last few moments. There was a sort of attraction, glamour, witchcraft, or what not, about that thin, fierce face, that being neither beauty nor goodness, was more fascinating than either—it was unity, power, strength, a diabolical individuality. The bell was answered by a servant, to whom she said,

"Tell your master that I crave his presence for a few moments in this room."

She spoke with an air of assured authority, and the man, bowing with great respect, withdrew to obey her.

"Leave the room, Minerva," was her next order.

And old Nerve, saying to Harriette as she passed—"Let us go, Miss Harry, for Sam is going to be *ris* here directly!" went out.

The step of Squire Darling was heard upon the stairs, and Sina turned her dark, bright face, with its stiletto light gleaming out between the wilderness of black, shining ringlets, with a fierce smile upon Harriette.

The squire entered the room, saying, with a maudlin fondness—

"What does my lightning-bug—what does my little fire-fly—what does my sprite want with me, now?"

His face was flushed, his eyes blood-shot, his step unsteady, and he sunk heavily into a chair.

Harriette saw, and groaned in the spirit.

"Well, what does my little mustard-seed want with me, now?"

"Send that girl from the house!"

"*That girl!*—*which* girl?" asked the poor man, his inflamed eyes flying around the room, and settling on Harriette. "Oh! that's Miss Harry!—that's little Nimrod!—mustn't send *her* away!"

"Then, Squire Darling, *I* must go," said Miss Hinton, a flush rising to her brow.

"You! *you* go! oh, never—*stop!* I'll send her off! I'll do anything you tell me to do, Sina!—tell me to march up before the whole congregation—up the altar steps, an' pull Father Burleigh's nose, in the midst of the mass! and I'll do it, my queen of love and beauty! my sovereign! my goddess! What am I to do, now?—put Harry out!—oh, yes! Come, Miss Harry, you must march!—it's an ungentlemanly thing to turn you out, I know! but Sina commands, and Sina must be obeyed! Come, Miss Harry! right face! forward! march!" exclaimed the monomaniac, coming toward Harriette.

Blushing deeply with shame and indignation—yet too proud to resist, Harriette suffered him to take her arm and lead her to the door, which he closed behind her.

Poor Harriette! never was a Donna Quixote more completely unhorsed and *discomfited!* She had fallen, nearly buried under the *ruins of her castle*, and such a castle as it had been! All the way, as Harry had ridden to the Hall, she was recollecting Squire Darling as he had been before his daughter's elopement—brave, frank, generous, merry, pure, exceedingly fond of young girls, who could wheedle him out of anything with a few soft words and smiles;—and Harry had pictured herself—coaxing, wheedling, and caressing him into urbanity and forgiveness, and purchasing Winny's pardon with an infinite number of kisses and coaxes—poor Harry!—and now, instead of her safe, affectionate, fatherly old gentleman, whom it would be a very merit to be fond of, she finds a fallen and sensual old beast, whose very contact was contamination! She could have wept with shame and indignation! but then she thought of her Quixotism, and as the comic largely preponderated over the tragic in her happy composition, she laughed outright as she exclaimed—"Never was Donna Quixote so completely discomfited!" Then she sought out her horse, which, you remember, she had left tied at Nerve's gate.

The old woman was sitting at her apple-paring again when Harriette came up.

"Well! Miss Harry, honey! didn't I 'vise you not to go! didn't I tell you, you'd get 'sulted—now what you goin' do?"

"What am I going to do? I am going straight back to Red Stone Hall, and inform Mrs. Summerfield of all I have seen and heard—that's what I am going to do!"

"Kih! kih! kih! ain't you got enough yet, Miss Harry? I tell you Miss Summerfield can't do nothin' 'tall 'long o' ole marster. Ole marster's his own marster, and Miss Sina's his miss'tess; and Madam Summerfield won't thank you for your news."

"I don't care if she don't! I'll do my duty and bear my testimony! come what will! I declare, if I were Edgar Ardenne, I should get out a writ of lunacy against this old gentleman, and have him confined! *I* could swear to his madness with a safe conscience!"

"Miss Harry! I 'vised you for your good this morning, an' you would'nt heer to it! you went an' runned your head right into the fire! Now, I 'vises you again, not to say anything to Miss Summerfield! She can't do nothin' 'tall, honey; an' she won't thank you for your news, cause you see no body likes to hear o' the missbehavement of their own 'lations! now mind I tell you! please, my blessed heavenly Marster, don't they!"

"But I shall tell Miss Summerfield, that she ought to take her mother home with her, where she could be treated with respect and attention."

"'Taint no use, honey! Ole marster ain't goin' to 'sent to it! He keeps ole miss'tess here, for a cloak for Miss Sina! Cause you see, honey, if ole miss'tess warn't here, Miss Sina couldn't stay! Cause you see, honey, people would talk! and Miss Sina's too deep to let people talk about her! So you know, chile, Miss Sina ain't a gwine to let her go—an' whatever *she* says is law an' gospel here, as you see yourself!"

"I must try, though! I must try! It were shameful to be silent, and let that angelic old lady be tormented by a fiend like Sina Hinton!"

Now, unfortunately for all concerned, Harriette instead of going immediately to Red-Stone Hall, and revealing to Mrs. Summerfield what she had witnessed, determined first to inform her uncle, Father Burleigh, and act upon his advice. It was very late in the afternoon, when Harriette reached Sacred Heart. The old priest was in his study—and Harriette, after laying off her riding-skirt and hat, and eating a piece of bread and meat—for she was nearly starved—went into his study, and sitting down, recounted all that she had seen and heard at Oak Grove. The priest listened with deep gravity, and groan after groan struggled up from his chest, and sigh after sigh broke from his lips as the story progressed—and,

"Where is the end of *one sin*?" he said, "Where is the end of *one sin*?"

"The end of it would be here and now, dear uncle, if you would only go and expose this sinful girl; and use your influence with Mrs. Summerfield in behalf of the suffering old lady; and with Squire Darling, (for I know if he won't listen to anybody else on earth, he will listen to you,) in behalf of his distressed daughter!"

"I may not! *must* not interfere, my dear child!" said the priest, with a deep sigh. "As for Mrs. Darling, she is a saint prepared for Heaven! May her sorrows be sanctified to her less holy relatives! May she herself have a speedy release! For Winny! 'she has sowed the wind, and must reap the whirlwind.' I cannot interfere!"

"Well, uncle!" said Harriette, with a look of deep disappointment, "I counted *certainly* upon *your* assistance in exposing villainy and relieving oppression—but as I have it not, I must try what I can do alone! I shall go to-morrow to Red Stone Hall! and reveal to Mrs. Summerfield the situation of her mother at Oak Grove!"

The priest arose suddenly, and walked up to her, dropped his hand upon her shoulder, and said, sternly,

"You shall *do* no such thing, Harriette! You shall not interfere by one word."

"I am sorry, uncle! but in this matter, for the first time in my life, I must disobey you!"

The countenance of the priest changed frightfully before her—his face grew thin and fierce in its agony, and his eyes struck into hers with a piercing anguish, intolerable to meet—her eyes dropped, and she paled with vague terror, as he said, slowly,

"Girl! you know not what you do! Would you fell the old lady by one blow to the grave? Would you cover Mrs. Summerfield with dishonor—would you break the proud heart of Imogene—would you bring *me* to a shameful death? Yes! you have heard aright, Harriette! You may well gaze with those startled eyes! If you would flood a whole family with infamy and horror! offend that fell girl! She is a demon, Harriette! but a demon of transcendent power and malice, nevertheless!"

CHAPTER XX.

IMOGENE.

Thou dwell'st in sorrow's high and barren place,
But round about the mount an angel guard—
Chariots of fire—horses of fire encamp,
To keep thee safe for heaven! —*Mrs. Ellet.*

When Harriette had taken leave of Red-Stone Hall for her Quixotic visit to Oak Grove, she left Mrs. and Miss Summerfield still sitting in the wainscoted parlor. Miss Summerfield did not resume her reading, but after looking steadily at her mother for awhile, she said, in low, slow tones,

"Mother, what is your purpose in this affair?"

"To remain inactive, Imogene; I cannot with any sort of self-respect, again interfere with Squire Darling's method of governing his household. Indeed, Oak Grove is no longer a fit or pleasant place of visiting, and were it not for the duty I owe my mother, and the wish to make Sina Hinton's stay there a little less unpleasant, I should never enter its doors."

"My mother, do you not see that my uncle—"

"*Squire Darling*, if you please, my dear."

"Mother, was—"

"You may scarcely be proud to claim the relationship of that gentleman, Miss Summerfield. You were about to say something, my dear?"

"Mother, do you not perceive that Squire Darling's own evil passions cause all this misery, both at Oak Grove and at the Pines?"

"I see, my dear, that Winny's *disobedience* has caused it all."

"My mother, Winny's disobedience is *irretrievable*—it belongs to the *past*—the squire's resentment is the *present* evil to be overcome. It is leading to general ruin! Mother, his resentment is not without a purpose; he hates Ardenne, and hopes to compel Winny to leave him; his own heart is not pure enough to teach him that she can never *do that*. Winny may perish with want, but she will never leave Edgar."

"And to what does all this talk tend, my daughter?"

"To this, my mother: that we must succor and save Winny and Edgar—they are both too young to struggle successfully with such difficulties as now surround them. We must assist them, mother; we must frustrate Squire Darling's plan of freezing and starving Winny to *death*—for that will be the closest alternative."

"Well, I listen to you, my child!"

"Let us invite Ardenne and Winny here to spend the winter, and before spring, Squire Darling may be reconciled, or, if not, we may hear of some business for Edgar."

"Imogene, my dear, I disapprove of this! I do not like to give aid and succor to a disobedient and rebellious child! Let Winny suffer the penalty of her sin! Until her father pleases to forgive her, she must endure—"

"*Unto death*, mother! You heard what Harriette said. Her report agrees with what I heard before from Mattie Smilie, who gained her information from her relatives,—*that* was my reason for wishing Harriette to see her!—Mother, I have heard you say that threatened consumption is not to be trifled with—that a single week of delay may decide the destiny of the victim, and place a cure beyond the power of medicine! Mother, I cannot so give up my cousin!"

"Imogene, I never thought you loved any one much since your return from school; you have been *so cold!*—least of all did I know of your affection for your cousin."

"Nor did *I*, mother, until she fell into misfortune!"

"Imogene, my child, have you set your heart upon this matter?"

"Indeed I have, my mother! I desire to have Winny and her husband here."

"Imogene, this is the first boon you ever asked of me, my child! did you know it?"

"No, mother."

"It is—and, Imo—*I* darling, it gives me an opportunity of fixing a condition—"

Imogene suddenly raised her large eyes, shooting a quickly piercing glance into her mother's, and then dropped the lids.

"I will invite Winny here, if you confide *in me*—"

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Imogene, in a tone of sudden, acute pain, her face growing thin and pale in its anguish.

Mrs. Summerfield also grew pale, but maintained her composure.

"But you *must*—*must* confide to me that which rests upon your mind, blighting your health, blighting your beauty, darkening your youth, overshadowing my age!"

Imogene, deadly pale, and shuddering in every nerve, arose, reeled, clung to her chair for support, recovered partially, and tottered from the room. Mrs. Summerfield left her seat to accompany her daughter, but with a death-like brow, and frantic, adjuring gesture, Imogene repulsed her.

"Merciful Heaven! *what is this?* *What* but *guilt* should hide itself thus from even a *mother's eyes?* *What* sorrow but *remorse* should shrink even from a *mother's* sympathy? But guilt, remorse, for Imogene? Impossible! Oh, would I had never trusted her from home! she was *so* happy! so full of life and light before she left home! none so gay as she! Now what a change! Merciful Heaven! *what does it mean?* Shall I ever know? The slightest notice of her melancholy disturbs her! Any question as to its cause agitates her nearly to death; I must not allude to it again! May the Virgin protect her!"

Such was the mental soliloquy of Mrs. Summerfield, as she resumed her seat and mechanically went on with her tambouring.

When the dinner hour drew on, Imogene reappeared, but with a majestic gravity settled upon her brow, that repelled every, even her mother's inquiries and comments. When they had left the table, and were seated again by the fire, Miss Summerfield inquired,

"Will you, my dear mother, send for Ardenne and Winny?"

"Will it make you happy if I do, my darling child?"

"Mother, I desire it above all things."

"I will send for them, then, to-morrow!"

Imogene took her mother's hand and pressed it closely, saying—

"My dearest mother! dismiss anxiety on my account—believe that there is nothing worse than heart-sickness, as unreasonable as it is unfounded! It *must* be disease—for life seems to me to be utterly valueless!—at times I lose all faith in Heaven! all love for earth! and only pray for unconsciousness!—not death—for I do not *live* now!"

"Imogene! you are the envy of the whole valley,—young, beautiful, accomplished,—an heiress, and betrothed to the most distinguished young man in the State, and yet—"

"I am heart-sick and brain-sick, mother!" then, with a sudden relapse into her old reserve, she said—"I did not mean to trouble you, mother, with my nervousness—I only meant to relieve your anxiety!"

"And you have not done so, Imogene! You are *not* nervous! some dark secret shadows all your mind!—some heavy grief weighs down your head. Imogene—"

The lady had quickly forgotten her resolution of silence upon the subject of her daughter's melancholy, but was recalled to it by the increasing agitation of Miss Summerfield. She suddenly dropped the subject, and recurring to another, said—

"I have given orders for the yellow chamber, with the adjoining dressing-room, to be prepared for Winny."

"Thank you, dearest mother! You confer a benefit on me, also, in giving me some one to care for, and be kind to—I mean some one who, like the poor invalid, my Cousin Winny, really needs, really suffers for attention."

The conversation dropped.

Mrs. Summerfield took up her knitting, and Imogene fell into her usual state of cold and dark abstraction. From this she was aroused by the opening of the door, and the announcement of Colonel Dangerfield, who immediately after entered the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCOLDING—AN ANECDOTE.

We will not say that any who have the scolding propensity are absolutely incurable, but we know some very obstinate cases. We also know some persons who have such a happy mental organization, that they never indulge a petulant spirit. An anecdote will illustrate these cases.

Two thriving farmers, A. and B. lived near neighbors, whose wives were patterns of energy, industry, frugality, neatness, etc. Each had been married about fifteen years, and the wife of A. proved to be a termagant, while that of B. had not spoken petulantly since her marriage. These men were once in the midst of an interesting conversation, when the dinner horn from the house of Mr. A. was sounded, and he said to B., "I must go at once, or my wife will give me such a lecture." "I really wish," replied B., "that I could hear my wife scold as yours does, for five minutes, just to see how it would sound, for she has never uttered a crooked word since our marriage." "Oh," said A., "get your wife a load of crooked wood, and you will hear it, I warrant you, for nothing makes my wife rave equal to that."

Farmer B. kept his own counsel, and when he went to the forest to prepare his year's supply of wood, he was careful to cut each crooked stick on each side of the curve, so as to preserve it entire, and to throw all such sticks in a separate pile, subject to his order. When his old stock of wood was consumed, he collected an entire load of these crooked sticks and deposited them at his door, and said nothing. When he came to dinner the next day, he expected the verification of the prophecy; but the meal as usual was well cooked, and in good time, and his wife came to the board with her usual beneficent smile, and said nothing relative to the wood. As the wood wasted away, his curiosity and anxiety increased, till his wife one day said to him: "Husband, the wood is nearly exhausted and if you have any more like the last you brought me, I wish you would get it, for it is the best I ever had, it fits round the pots and kettles so nicely."—*Mass. Ploughman.*

☞ On the conclusion of a long and fervent prayer at one of the nightly-prayer meetings in our own city, in a season of great awakening here, B——, having dwelt on the mercy and goodness of God, as manifested in His works, His presence among them, wound up his outpouring of gratitude by adding: "And now, Oh, Lord! we would not wish to *dictate*, but would *humbly suggest the propriety of* a revival over in B——."

PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.—Cast an eye into the gay world; what see we, for the most part, but a set of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, fantastical beings, worn out in the keen pursuit of pleasure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own infelicity?—The decayed monuments of error! The thin remains of what is called delight!—*Young.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ "The Last Night of Summer" is well received, but does not quite suit our taste.

☞ A communication on the article setting forth at length his ideas of the "Spirit Rappings." They are ingenious and plausible suppositions to be sure; admit that they are nothing more. Four years of the most acute study in New York and Philadelphia, has convinced us that the whole affair is a curious mixture of humbug and mystery. It cannot be expected that any one at a distance should succeed.

☞ We have received a Tennessee ink, which we use in the absence of a better one, but which we do not recommend: for our daily and tedious practice we can only to appear before the public with the cards which the Philadelphia manufacturers furnish.

S. W. Mr. W's Professor shall appear next week.

A DEVELOPMENT.

For some time past our neighbors of New York city have been holding up their heads in pride-horror at the flagrant enormities daily committed in Philadelphia. They have represented the city as being nearly vacant of inhabitants, and —a kind of Five Points on a large scale, where without a man was watchful in walking the streets, he would be knocked down and robbed or even murdered, in the twinkling of an eye.

Now we have no disposition to deny the "low and awful," in a certain portion of what is popularly known as Philadelphia, nor at a great distance; neither are we disposed to deny the spirit of lawlessness and misrule has been gleefully spreading into even the generally orderly portion of the city—but that the condition of things in Philadelphia is large, is at all to be compared with the state of affairs in a certain limited district, we are prepared at any time to disprove.

The inhabitants of Philadelphia as a class, are as orderly and well behaved as the inhabitants of any other city of its size on the face of the earth. We appeal to all strangers who have visited our city, whether they have not been struck with the air of decorum and order which almost universally prevails. As compared with New York, the contrast is much in our favor.— We are not moved by any local prejudice in saying, that the first feeling of nearly every person who visits New York, is one of general insecurity. The moment who meet a stranger at the wharf, even more than across their toes—and he endeavors to avoid the collision, he is met by the exclamation of his curse, as it seems to him by intonation or look, which keeps him cautiously on his guard. That this difference is nearly universally felt on visiting the two cities, we are persuaded that our country contemporaries great readily will acknowledge.

Nor is it more than reasonable. Philadelphia was originally settled by the most orderly men in the world, and the influence of the wise Quaker blood is still felt on every score. New York was also settled by a highly respectable and orderly race, but her position as the great outport of the country, has attracted to her a considerable and heterogeneous population—only a few things a natural map to elucidate—see accompanying.

Now such being the two populations, it would be the reasonable expectation of every one, that Philadelphia should be as famous for order as New York is for disorder. And this would be the case, if they were similarly organized. But the entire government of New York is more stringent and more efficient than that of Philadelphia, as a natural consequence, although we can not now point out where there are two in New York, they are almost equally difficult to keep under. Give to either city the government as it is in New York law, and a just few departments in Philadelphia would exhibit no disposition to be unlicensed as are those of Gotham now exhibit.

But our attention was drawn to the subject by a recent "Report of the Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department," which we have before us, and which, after a considerable effusion in our matter of-fact opinion, we hope, in America. If appears that while the expenses for the Fire Department of New York have been spreading out almost in proportion to the increase of population in that new town, with many prudence but less conduct since any fire of any moment has occurred among them, to a great degree in the shape of the Report, in which we have alluded, brings all of these "hidden things" to the light of the sun, and proves what a large amount of reflection and corruption the inhabitants of New York have to contend with.

It appears from the Report, that almost upon the freedom, nothing often in the destruction of their apparatus, and of constant encouragement—it is almost impossible to control the property and contingent. Says the Chief Engineer:

"I have had on one of these volunteer occasions to use long and rigorous, calling the hose, beating my hands forward, to the rear, and long was made an assault in prose than the regulation of police. The firemen, and judges of police, would challenge them to control their actions on the reasons the following night, and when required with a tremble revenge for their arrest and imprisonment. Indeed, these unhappy occurrences caused that they can bring influence enough to bear upon the Legislature to obtain the repeal of police reports. Some claim, as the Constitution of Association, to effect their liberation, or rather what we can charges preferred against them, under the pre-summary constitution of such. And I regret to say, that this board of assistant to the other, inasmuch as I never knew a man who belonged to them be punishable when he is long imprisoned, and never knew one of them to be convicted for attacks on his firemen—the police captains and the aldermen, especially the latter, discharging them before they get before the judges of police. I did once get a very bad summary case, Broadway, at the Jefferson Market Court, but the result was that the prisoner was discharged, and I was left in a most distressed feeling for failure to get a grand jury, where, however, I found to and the same supposed witness, and the case of the captains of points, aldermen and police judges, with some two and some—now how can I remedy? I hope that the Legislature will, in the next session, make such laws as will effectually suppress the evil."

We have not space to quote much of the report—these in a great deal of the same and we do whatever—but those who feel interested can obtain a copy.

Now if any organization in these lovely times like the rogues known, and rendered free for the public good, as the Fire Department, how far more necessary for the regular quiet and decked to possess—if not the same powers, certainly sufficient to control the same evils, when, in point, and, in the case of the Chief Engineer of New York, "I have had to the Common Council many severe complaints of the conduct of the Police Force, and have myself been insulted by them, and, on one occasion, was assaulted by one of them, while in the discharge of my duty, and have been unable to obtain redress."

Now we have no intention to deny the existence of such evils, whether they have not been gleefully spreading into even the generally orderly portion of the city—but that the condition of things in Philadelphia is large, is at all to be compared with the state of affairs in a certain limited district, we are prepared at any time to disprove.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

Congressional News

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 10th, Messrs. Gwinn and Fremont Senators from California, were admitted to their seats. A motion to refer their credentials to the Committee on the Judiciary, being rejected —yeas 12, nays 36.

Mr. Gwinn drew the long and Col. Fremont the short term—the term of the former expires in 1856, and that of the latter on the 4th of March next.

Mr. Fremont gave notice of his intention to introduce numerous bills for the benefit of California. He also submitted a resolution which was adopted, directing the Post-Office Committee to inquire and report upon the expediency of establishing numerous Post routes in California.

Mr. Chase gave notice of a bill to prohibit slavery in the territories.

The Message of the President and the Constitution of New Mexico, received yesterday, were ordered to be printed. After the consideration of other morning business the Bounty Land Bill was taken up.

[illegible]

...fore, extended to every subject of legislation within the legislative power of any State. Every State in the Union had the power to abolish slavery under the sovereign exclusive power of each. If Congress, now ... had the power which half the States of the Union ... lish slavery in the District.

It had been shown ... had established slavery ... then, Congress had no ... in the District, where ... hold a slave?

Mr. S. defended his ... jections made to its ... adequate, equal and ... tion, then, was—would ... plish the object which ... of the District, just ... there were but six h... borders, and these are ... dollars each, or in the ... and eighty thousand ... appropriated two hund... the payment of the ow... slaves. The Senator ... Winthrop) yesterday ... as ...

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The original resolution, declaring the alteration of the Tariff inexpedient, was agreed to. Yeas 93, nays 91.

Mr. Brooks moved to reconsider the vote to enable him to offer a resolution that a committee of seven be appointed to sit during the recess to inquire into the operations of the existing tariff system, and all the facts relating thereto, and connected therewith, and report the same at the ensuing session of the House.

Mr. Bayly said that if the committee be raised, it was perfectly certain that no gentleman could serve on it except those from cities and towns. All who represent agricultural interests, farming and planting, are compelled, after this long session, to go home and look after their private affairs.

Mr. Thompson, of Miss., moved to lay the motion to reconsider on the table, and it was agreed to. Yeas 93, nays 92.

So the whole subject was put to sleep.

The bill to supply deficiencies in the pay and mileage of members was taken up, when the House refused to concur in the Senate's amendment, computing mileage of Delegates from Oregon and California members by the most usually travelled route, and the House adjourned.

General News.

POLITICAL.

VERMONT.—Judge Williams's clear majority for Governor is over 1,500. Senate 29 Whigs to 9 all sorts. House 126 Whigs to 97 all sorts—three towns to hear from, all Whigs last year.—A U. S. Senator to be elected. John G. Saxe, the poet, is elected District Attorney for Crittenden Co., by 10 majority over the Whig candidate. The Free Soilers voted for him.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—The Select Committee of the House of Lords have reported on the best means of suppressing the slave trade, and the following is a summary of their conclusions:—1. The past efficiency of the cruising ...

[illegible]

Clippings.

☞ Invite your washerwoman, some one says, to put a particle of unslacked lime and a bit of soda in her wash-tub, if you want your linen of an immaculate whiteness. As much lime-water as would sweeten an ale-drinker's stomach, would perform a large family's wash almost (so to speak) without co-operation of a rubbing board.

☞ Colonel F. A. Sprague, of Eagle Prairie, has left at our office, for the inspection of the curious, two Wisconsin *cucumbers*—one of them measures five feet and eleven inches; the other being, as the Colonel says, just right for pickling, not more than four or five feet long. The Colonel never was beaten yet—and when any one comes up to these figures, he will try again.—*Waukesha Dem.*

☞ A rat-trap has been invented, having a looking-glass in it, which is expected to do wonders in the way of rat-catching. We do not think, however, that it will work, as we can't believe that rats make personal *reflections in the dark*.

☞ The report that the American flag had been trampled upon at Charleston, turns out, as might have been expected, to be a hoax.

☞ Campbell, the poet, being asked to write something original in a lady's album, said that he had nothing original in him, except *original sin*.

☞ A writer lately, in attempting to describe the agonies of suspense, calls it the "toothache of the mind."

☞ One of the rules existing among the Shakers is, that "no person shall put the left boot or shoe on first."

☞ A gentleman met another in the street, who was ill of consumption, and accosted him thus—"Ah, my friend, you *walk* slow."

"Yes," replied the man, "but I am *going* fast."

☞ The Grand Jury of Wayne county, presented the Small Bill Law of this State as a nuisance, notwithstanding the charge of Judge Eldred in favor of the law.

☞ An Irishman, by way of illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated, that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment for life in an American prison, only fifteen survived it.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

"THE BOOK OF THE NATION."

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only two of the promised Novelets for 1850 having yet been published, the Proprietors of the POST would call attention to the following, which are yet to come:—

THE BAYMOUNTS—A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

SHANNONDALE; OR, THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL—A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE—A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

When the above list has been gone through with, OTHERS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE WILL FOLLOW, the Proprietors of the POST being determined not to be surpassed in this department by any cotemporary.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more

SOLID AND SUBSTANTIAL READING,

such as is calculated to improve the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart.—Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY

shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men—

A BANK NOTE LIST, A STOCK LIST, THE MARKETS, &C.,

shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for

OUR AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES* are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by any rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

4 COPIES,			$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10.00	"
13	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15.00	"
20	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20.00	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

ONE COPY of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, or Sartain's Magazine, for FOUR DOLLARS.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid,*

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post-paid.*

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST.—We regard this paper as the best of the large weekly papers which come from Philadelphia. It is published by Deacon & Peterson, and edited by Henry Peterson. The publishers announce five original novelets, to be published during the next volume, which commences with the new year. For the excellence of its stories, its poetry, and all its selections, and the ability evinced in its editorials, the Post has no superior. There is in its columns an indication of unceasing industry, and indefatigable energy, on the part of its gentlemanly publishers, which cannot fail to place it at the head of American papers.—*Lyons News.*

☞ THE BEST LITERARY PAPER published in Philadelphia is the SATURDAY EVENING POST. This paper contains 36 columns of useful and interesting reading, news, &c. We recommend it to all who desire a good family newspaper.—*Palladium, Malone, New York.*

☞ The Philadelphia "SATURDAY EVENING POST," is one of the very best literary papers in the country. Its high moral tone renders it a truly valuable paper for the family circle. If all the widely circulated newspapers were as pure in sentiment and morals as the POST, we should have a vast deal less suffering, misery and debauchery than is now abroad in the land. ...

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Selected Poetry.

WE MEET AGAIN.

We'll meet again ! how sweet the word—
How soothing is its sound!
Like strains of fairest music heard
On some enchanted ground.

We'll meet again ! then friendship speaks,
When those arose over depart,
And in the pressing grasp one feels
Both in the bleeding heart.

We'll meet again ! the lover cries,
And oh, what thoughts but this,
Can s'er assuage the agonies
Of the last parting kiss?

We'll meet again ! are accents heard
Beside the dying bed,
When all the soul by grief is stirr'd,
And bitter tears are shed.

We'll meet again ! are words that cheer
While breathing o'er the tomb,
For oh ! that hope, so bright and dear,
Can pierce its deepest gloom.

We'll meet again ! then seems to weary,
Whoever may divide
Nor time, nor death can always keep
The loved ones from our side.

For in the measure of the blest,
Secure from care and pain,
In heaven's serene and endless rest
We'll surely meet again.

A THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE.

BY N. P. WILLIS

I sudden when there comes to my smile
Child of my love! I tremble to behave
That star the mirror of the eye of thine,
The shadow of my heart will always pass!
A heart that from its struggle with the world,
Comes sullied to my gentlest caress and word,
And, crowing of the sinning dust it tempts,
Asks for its clod! Strange, that flowers of earth
Are tended by every act that sins,
And drink in sweetness only, while the child
That rises within its breast a bloom for Heaven
May take a human nature for the touch of love,
And bear the blight forever.

Therefore I weep
With gladness at the gift of this fair child!
My life is hasten up in love! But, oh, God!
Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times
Beats in unmeet burden; and if Thou keep'st
From the temptation which I cannot see,
To bring it unpurified unto Thine eye,
Take Thou its voice I pray Thee! Give it light—
Thou, following the sun, it turns from earth—
But, by the silent thou wrong, and the light
Shining about her, draw me to my child,
And link in close, oh, God, when near to Heaven

Selected Articles.

ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

BY A. J. STANSBURY.

There was, indeed, a person, (whether worthy of the name of a man, is doubtful, certainly not of an American,) who once, for a wager, made the adventurous attempt of a similar approach to General Washington. As he was walking up Chesnut Street, in Philadelphia, having shortly before left his lodgings, this individual, in the view of his companions on the other side of the street, who had witnessed the bet, and were curious to see the issue, came up to the General, and stopping him familiarly upon the back, exclaimed, with a pause after—"Well, my old fellow, how do you find yourself this morning?" Washington stopped; turned round; looked him full in the face; and with unerring accuracy! said, "Sir, what have I ever said, or done, which induces you to treat me in this manner?" The man struck into nothing, and was extinguished. No man ever repeated the experiment.

And in this connection, though somewhat out of place, suffer me to relate another anecdote, which is of a kindred character. When Washington had his quarters near Newburgh, he was frequently accosted in writing those immortal letters to Congress in which it is hard to say whether the patriot, the general, the statesman, or the father of the American army, shines the most illustriously, and which, of themselves, would be enough to exalt immortality over their author; and he gave a general order that at such times he was not to be disturbed, or spoken to, unless under the most urgent necessity.

A military officer, of no particular rank to be seen; but politely requested the officer to announce his business with him. The officer, determining even Washington into crowding, and when he had in fact, and very properly, a personal interview with him, and demanded to see General Washington himself, with whom, or on, he had important business. Col. Trumbull stated the premises on which he had been given, and said that if he went in the General's presence on the consequences must be upon the officer alone. "Oh, certainly," said he, smiling, "I'll bear all the consequences." The aid shortly and reluctantly approached the chamber, and gently knocked. "Who's there?" thundered a deep voice within, those tones which none heard without dread. Col. Trumbull stated the case, and said that though repeatedly warned of the orders, the officer insisted on seeing him. "Does he?"—and at the same time the warrior tread was heard; the door suddenly opened, and Washington came forth. "I thought," said Trumbull, when relating to me the anecdote, "I thought he would have walked over him." "Well, sir, what is your business with me?" The officer, wholly disconcerted time and manner, stammered out some petty question relating to the elegant or camp duty in which he had differed with a fellow officer, and which he wished to have decided by the Commander-in-Chief. Washington had never taken his eyes off him: and when he was done, replied, "And that occasion of your disdeef'd hotgrand," and turned into his chamber. Trumbull said he never in his life was a human creature so completely thunderstruck. He never appeared again at head-quarters.

Yet, it must not be understood from these instances, that there was the least want of courtesy in his general manner; that the reverse is true he was truly and uniformly polite: but it was a grave politeness, infinitely remote from that heartless artificial polish which is acquired by frivolous minds, from long converse with the world. There was a nobleness, and even a serene dignity, about it, which was inherent in the man, and which never left him. In the cases I have mentioned, he was rightly trespassed on: and no man could be more indignant.

Washington's France.—Albert Blanc, whose painting of him has immortalized not his subject, but himself, and who, as one long familiar with the human countenance, is eminently fit to speak on such a subject, often said, that the head and face of Washington were unlike those of any other human being that ever had come under his observation. There was a breadth about the base of the nose, and a largeness and peculiar form of the contour of the eyes, which distinguished the face from all others. It is not generally known, but it is nevertheless true, that there was a slight defect about the eye, the eyelid did not close entirely, and the painter has communicated that peculiar downcast look which distinguished the eye of Washington, giving it an air of thought, of contemplation, of composure, so, almost approaching to loftiness, which one who has once seen can never forget. To reflect the carriage and motion of his head, occasioning him to raise it, when about to speak a word or approaching him, more than would have been necessary, or natural, but especially when entering a room. Yet no slight was the cause, but in most persons the effect only was natural. Stuart failed to catch this expression, but Peale has preserved it with admirable fidelity in the portrait which hangs in the Senate Chamber at Washington. When he was reading, or writing, eyes and not perceive it: when he was speaking, it gave modesty, gravity and dignity to his expression: under strong excitement, as in the heat of battle, it sounded, and lent a grandeur to his stars.

Sir Alexander and Lady Alexander Cochrane, after some Rhetoric Parmesan you can favorite Trial.—He who descend in a full suit of the richest velvet velvet; his inner linen in short clothes with diamond knee-buckles, and black silk stockings. He wore, when first knighted *mounted*, were surmounted with large square silver buckles. His hair, carefully cropped in the manner of the day, was richly powdered, and gathered behind into a black silk bag, to which was a bow of black ribbon. In his hand he carried a plain cocked hat, decorated with the Admiral's cockade. Over his left side he wore light, slender dress sword, in a green dragoon scabbard, with a finely ornamented hilt. His gait was deliberate, his manner solemn but self-possessed, and he presented, altogether, the most regal human figure I had then, or have since beheld.

At the head of the Senate stood Thomas Jefferson, in a fine coat, single breasted, with large bright basket buttons, his vest and small clothes of crimson. I remember being struck with his mounted consciousness, of a brick-red hue, his bright eye and long hair, as well as by his tall, gaunt, ungainly form and square shoulders. A perfect contrast was presented by the pale, reflective face and delicate figure of James Madison; and above all, by the dark, full-length, bustling form of Gen. Knox, with ruddy cheek, prominent eye, and still more prominent proportions of southern kind.—*Home Gazette.*

FEMALE NAMES

Mary, the sweetest of female names, may not inappropriately stand at the head of our list. It is from the Hebrew and signifies *exalted. Its* French form is Marie. It is, we hardly need say, a favorite name in both sacred and profane history. In all ages, from the time of Mary, the mother of Jesus, to that of Mary, the mother of Washington, the name has, literally, been exalted. It has been linked with titles and *power*—with crowns and coronets, and adorned by goodness and beauty. Mary has ever been a favorite name with the poets. Hymn, ode or sonnet is, we feel an absolute passion for it. It is unwoven with some of his sweetest verses. The peasant poet, Burns, seems to have been so much attached to it as the author of the Gentle Shepherd. It is still the theme of bards and hardings unnumbered. We might fill a column or two here with songs, sonnets and ballads, in the melody of whose verse the most musical syllables are those which form the endearing name of Mary. Mary, where so much presents itself, we can quote nothing. Here are quiet stillness, &c.

"The very music of the name has gone
Into our being."

Let the reader, for the most if you will, be the single line of Bryan Waller Proctor.

"Here's a touch to the. Mary."

Sarah is almost as common a name as Mary, but it lacks the prestige which its historical and poetical associations throw around the latter. It is also from the Hebrew and signifies a *princess.* In poetry it takes the form of *Sally*, or *Sallie*, and is used in many a love song, and a ballad. Sally is sometimes contracted to Sal, which is neither poetical nor euphonious.

"Lovings, greeting sportive Sallie,
How do we love thee well!
The tint of ashes all over
To which I'll liken thee
Is the gloomy hue."

Nancy is almost a stranger to poetry, but it lacks the prestige which its historical and poetical associations throw around the latter. It is also from the Hebrew and signifies a *princess.* In poetry it takes the form of *Sally*, or *Sallie*, and is used in many a love song, and a ballad. Sally is sometimes contracted to Sal, which is neither poetical nor euphonious.

"Lovings, greeting sportive Sallie,
How do we love thee well!
The tint of ashes all over
To which I'll liken thee
Is the gloomy hue.
These incense eyes seem melting through."

Susan, another name of Hebrew origin signifies a *lily.* In poetry it is usually seen in the contracted form of *Sue.* It is a pretty name, and is remembered in Gay's well-known ballad. The signification of the name is very happily introduced into the first verse:

"Adieu, she cried, and waved her lily hand."

Ralph Hoyt, in a very graceful poem entitled "My Sue," has the following lines:

"And how often have I swayed
With the lade along the tree,
And with a gentle pressure made
Yet, oh! more of them for me.
For if she, whom I love
In the groups could not be seen,
No contentment in me breast.
No delight upon the green!
But there was a garden spot
With its lower me in view,
And all I wanted was to see
Sue, and Sue only, and none but Sue!"

Mabel is probably derived from *mo bele*, signifying *my fair*, though some suppose that it is contracted from *amabilis*, *lovely* or *amiable*. It is a pretty name, and is well-known both in song and in real life. Mary Howitt has a ballad commencing,

"Alone my maiden Mabel."

which is the only poem we now recollect in which the name occurs.

There are a few names associated in our mind with boneliness of face and gentleness of heart connected with the veil of a nun, or from the Latin and signifies nothing more amiable than a *female*—Why, knowing this, will give the name—a child?

Barbara, one of the sweetest names ever born, is the name of a martyr, and is said to have taken its name from Mary Howitt makes the orange flow for.

"Ah, Cousin Barbara, let's see
What's the flower resembling thee."
With these flow the eyes of thine,
And thy fair hair's silken twine,
And thy soft and kind feelings where
As inactic, and as purely bright.
With thy cousin as on earth can be,
And thy dearly lands and feet:
Where's the flower that may be like?
Blossom of the orange tree!"

Lucy, in its French form *Lucie*, signifies *bond*, and comes from the Latin.

"Lucy is a golden girl."

says Bryan Waller Proctor, and we echo the line. Lucy is a favorite name with almost every one. Wordsworth has made it one of the

"Three fair children of mine,"

and lovely indeed is the maiden, bearing that sweet name, whose full-wave proposes to mould, at will, to her own luster.

She will be spotless as the snow
Within the glen, and o'er the brow,
On up the mountain springs,
And love shall be her bounding halls.
And here the silence and the calm,
Of mute contentment.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall mate to me
With thoughts of happiness.
Where'er there shone her wayward mind
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

For some moments all gathered around in breathless silence, when the Yankee, to his great astonishment, drew forth the above-named stories.

"Well, you an't have 'em," continued the Yankee, with coolness and composure, and with a twinkle of the eye, plainly denoting that he was immediately conscious of his error, "you an't have 'em, unless you'll promise to write the ballads to 'em, and that I'll have the first copy of 'em, and that you'll get 'em printed in Philadelphia, and that you'll send me a hundred copies of 'em, and that you'll get 'em printed on real paper, and not on that cursed, nasty, rotten stuff that they print newspapers on, and that you'll get 'em printed in a neat, handsome manner, and that you'll get 'em printed soon, and that you'll send me the copies as soon as they are printed, and that you'll send me a hundred copies of 'em, and that you'll send me a hundred copies of 'em, and that you'll send me a hundred copies of 'em